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THE SONG OF THE RIVER.

BAIRD PRIZE POEM.

THE cry of the infinite Ocean, the voice of the infinite Sea;  
The song of the mighty Spirit, in a cadence soft and free.  
Steadfast, forever unchanging, the tireless tides come and go;  
No sound of joy nor of sorrow, in that measureless, rhythmical flow.  
The Night-Wind breathes gently, and presses a kiss on the lips of the  
deep;  
And the stars sink drowsily downward when the Ocean calls them to  
sleep.

I.

The Sun is rousing a Wave to life,  
And the Cloud is whispering, "Come;  
Thou shalt be happy with me on high;  
" Together we'll float on the laughing sky,  
" And over the distant lands we'll fly,  
" And we'll play with the Sunbeams, you and I,  
" And the Wind shall bear thee—come."

The Wave hath leapt from his mother's breast,  
 For the Ocean hath whispered, " Go ;  
 " Thy sister is bidding thee haste away ;  
 " Together, my children, I'll watch you play ;  
 " And the life-giving breath of the Sunbeam's ray  
 " Shall kindle your hearts ; for behold, the day  
 " Hath broken ; my little one, go."

The Wave hath risen, and swift upborne  
 By the kindly Wind he flies ;  
 For the Cloud, his sister, hath clasped him there ;  
 And together they float through the realms of air,  
 And the Sunbeam cries, " She is passing fair,"  
 And he lightly kisses her streaming hair,  
 As over the Ocean she flies.

They have crossed the sea to the teeming ground ;  
 And she lies on the hill to rest.  
 But the Wave creeps forth from his sister's side ;  
 Within the hill he hath run to hide ;  
 Alas ! poor truant, the world is wide :  
 Thou art lost in the hill with a guide,  
 For thy sister is still at rest.

## II.

No sunbeam comes to cheer the gloom ;  
 The earth is cold and dark within ;  
 A silence most to death akin,  
 The solemn silence of the tomb.

Deep silence ; for the dead reign there,  
 The happy dead reign there alone.  
 The flower whose root winds round the stone  
 Flings wide their message on the air.

A message that they needs must give  
 To those that cannot hear their voice ;  
 The flowers upon their grave rejoice,  
 And breathe their message, " Love shall live."

Deep silence, nor doth sorrow move  
 Nor mar the impassive sleep of those  
 That lie in death's supreme repose ;  
 Their sleep is sanctified by Love.

## III.

The Wave hath fallen far beneath the ground ;  
 And trickling slowly, like the voice of tears,  
 Hath pricked his perilous passage far around,  
 As in his sinuous course he perseveres.

Deep, deep he glides within the earth's recess,  
 Treading a tortuous maze without a plan ;  
 He hears, loud roaring in their mightiness,  
 The powers that shape the destiny of man.

Titanic forces, in their prison pent,  
 Fast bound and cramped beneath the sullen rock ;  
 Rebellious giants, fret with discontent,  
 Volcanic fires, flame and earthquake shock.

The Wave is struggling with his keepers fierce ;  
 His soul is yearning for his native Sea :  
 "Oh, might I but these rocks and caverns pierce,  
 Rush swift from hence, proclaiming 'I am free !'"

## IV.

From its sombre prison the Wave hath risen  
 In a shower of silver foam ;  
 Away it hath crept while its master slept,  
 Far over the earth to roam ;  
 And it yearns to be on its way to the Sea,  
 For the Mother is calling it home.

Along the mountain in rill and fountain,  
 In ripple and dashing spray ;  
 Down the mountain side where the dew-drops hide,  
 And the happy sunbeams play ;  
 His lips they press in a soft caress,  
 And laugh as they dance away.

The birds of the air are hovering there,  
 And he hears the insects' cry,  
 And the hum of their wings in their wanderings,  
 As they sweep through the azure sky ;  
 And he laughs aloud as the fleecy cloud  
 Goes dreamily floating by.

When the sun sinks to rest in the crimson west,  
 And the glimmering moon appears,  
 In heaven's deep shrine the white stars shine ;  
 And through the night he hears  
 Their rhythmical race through the depths of space,  
 In the music of the spheres.

When the waters meet in their journey fleet,  
 They rush to a fast embrace ;  
 Together they glide down the mountain side,  
 In a headlong, furious race,  
 Till soft again through the slumbering plain  
 The River flows on apace.

With a plaintive cry the birds sweep by ;  
 The pine stands gaunt and grim ;  
 Its branches sink to the water's brink  
 Till the surface grows dark and dim.  
 And half in fear the timorous deer  
 Comes to drink at the River's brim.

Deep flowing ever, the silent River  
 Hath reached the abode of men,  
 And they stand aghast as he rushes past  
 With a power beyond their ken ;  
 Till bolder grown, they cry " He's our own—  
 " We'll fasten and bind him in.

" Obeying our will he shall turn the mill  
 " And grind the stubborn corn ;  
 " He shall bear us afloat on raft and boat,  
 " Of his lawless power shorn ;  
 " For the use of man was his life began :  
 " For this was the River born."

Ere he rushes past they have bound him fast,  
 And he sullenly does their will ;  
 With a rumbling sound the wheels go round,  
 As he stubbornly turns the mill ;  
 But crashing away in an angry spray,  
 He mutters and murmurs still.

And he cries to the Wind, " I am here confined  
 " By crafty man's decree ;  
 " Thou wilt not, I know, let them treat me so ;  
 " Come hither and set me free."  
 And together they tear his fetters there,  
 And he rushes away to the Sea.

In his lordly ride he hath met the Tide,  
Swift sent from his ocean home ;  
They advance and retreat in rhythmic beat,  
And the showering wreath of foam  
Falls in shining tears as the River hears  
His mother entreating, "Come."

"I have strayed," he cries, "in strange disguise ;  
"I have wandered east and west ;  
"Be reconciled to thy wayward child ;  
"Let me sleep on thy loving breast."  
And the mother cries "Come, thou art welcome home ;"  
And she lulls the Wave to rest.

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The cry of the infinite Ocean, the voice of the infinite Sea ;  
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sleep.

*M'Cready Sykes.*

### IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

IT WAS one afternoon in January, during the Garza campaign of 1891-92, that from the head of a little cañon in the southwestern part of the State of Texas there emerged two men, who walked out upon the prairie—that sea of sand and cactus and chapparal—the white, hot sun above beating down from the whitish sky, till the dim horizon vibrated in the heat.

They were a strange sight, these two men, as they walked along in single file, the only moving things on that sandy desert. The first was partially dressed in the uniform of a United States cavalryman, with his blue shirt, his dingy blue trousers with their yellow stripe, his worn leather leggins and his ragged cartridge-belt. His head was bare and his heavy hair was tossed off from his face, exposing to the sun his burned skin, bronzed to the hat-line, made by the broad-brimmed sombrero

that he usually wore. His face was that of a young man of about twenty-six, but what a face for one so young! For, now, beneath his stubby mustache his lips were set and drawn, and he breathed long and deep through wide-open nostrils, and in his brown eyes there was a look of sadness and almost of despair, that belied the erect carriage of his body and the brave, thrown-back position of his head. His gait was peculiar, for his hands were tightly tied behind his back and his feet were fastened with a short chain.

Behind him there slouched along a burly ruffian, an olive-skinned, sun-burnt, unshaven Mexican, with the narrow eyes and the thin lips and nostrils that tell of a passionate, cruelty-loving nature. His nether limbs were clothed in the most ragged of garments, and his coat was a dingy, blue blouse that had evidently formed part of his prisoner's uniform. Winchester in hand, he lounged along, now casting a keen glance at the man in front, now sweeping the level, red desert of sand and cactus for any sign of life upon its surface.

Suddenly a half-smothered exclamation broke from the evil lips of the Mexican as he caught sight of a faint, smoke-like cloud on the horizon, growing larger and nearer, and he reached out with his Winchester and struck his prisoner with it sharply, and then forced him to step aside and stand behind a tall clump of the gray, thorny cactus. As the cloud grew it was seen to mark the progress of a long line of cavalry, trotting through the dusty chaparral. Seeing that they would pass about a mile and a half to the southward, the Mexican quite coolly seated himself on the sand, in the shade of some cactus, at a little distance from the other man, and, with rifle across his knees, proceeded to roll a cigarette from the contents of a dirty pouch.

But the other, "Dave" Dwight, as his messmates knew him, stood erect, his head thrown back, with his pinioned arms and fettered legs, watching with the same despairing eyes and firm-set lips the distant troops.

It was just a week that morning that "I" troop, Third cavalry, had been following this trail, hoping that it would not turn out, as the rest always did, in failure to find the Mexican outlaw of

whom they were in pursuit. And they had only been out on their ride, that very morning, a few hours, when Dave, happening to be the last man of the long column, made careless by the thought of the medal of honour and the thirty thousand dollars of reward that were to go to the lucky man that bagged the outlaw—for that reward meant more to Dave than to any man in the troop—just then fancied he saw a sombrero in the gray of the chapparal, and dropped back till well under cover of the dust and then dashed off by himself away from the column. It was a reckless thing to do, but Dave was more daring than usual that day.

A moment later and his headlong gallop was checked—one lariat, thrown from ambush, bringing down his horse and a second jerking him from the saddle, and before he recovered from the stunning fall he had been bound, searched, partly stripped and dragged into the hidden camp of the revolutionists, in the cañon. There he had passed a few very uncomfortable hours, under the taunts of the Mexicans, and he gloomily looked forward to a long period of half-starved imprisonment till he should be ransomed or till the band that had him should be broken up by the troops. But he was unprepared for the brutality of the Mexican captain, who, ruffian that he was, summarily ordered the prisoner to be shot at once, and, with the very refinement of cruelty, detailed a single man to do the work, instead of the file and the one unloaded weapon in use even in military executions. Thus it was that the particularly heartless outlaw who had been selected to do the shooting, because of his special fitness for the task, picked up his Winchester and marched Dave Dwight out of the head of the cañon to die.

The appearance of the cavalry, returning on the trail, trotting across the prairie, had necessitated a delay in the proceedings, for the report of the rifle would have been very easily heard at that distance and would have instantly brought the whole troop down upon the as yet undetected camp of the Mexicans. So the brutal fellow with the rifle sat down in the shade to smoke a cigarette or two and wait until the troop should have passed behind that slight rise in the sandy desert toward which they

were headed, being perfectly certain that his helpless prisoner was quite safe. And so he half-reclined upon the sand, blowing faint clouds of smoke and watching his doomed captive through their bluish, slow-rising haze, with half-shut sinister eyes and cruel smiles playing around his unshaven lips.

But his prisoner, poor fellow, was in mental torture, realizing that this was the end of all ; that this was his last hour ; that that hot sun, up in that white, hot sky, was the last that his eyes should see ; that the dreadful waste of red sand and gray cactus and heat-vibrating horizon was the last earthly scene that he should look upon, and that his lifetime was drawing to its close as rapidly as that long line of trotting cavalry were passing off toward that distant ridge. How fast they seemed to go, he thought, wondering why he had never noticed that the route trot was as swift as it seemed now. And then he fell to thinking, thinking hurriedly and a little confusedly, for he knew he hadn't long to think, as with set face and unseeing eyes he unconsciously followed the dusty line in its march.

As he began to think over his life, the life that he was just about to leave, he remembered the unnumbered times that he had idly allowed his thoughts to wander as they would, in pleasant, careless meditation, and noticed how, now that his thinking time was, oh, so short, his thoughts seemed to jump from one recollection to another, as if trying to find something worthy of their last moments.

First, he fell to thinking of his college life, of the four happy years that he had spent on the fair, elm-shaded campus around the buildings that they call "Old North," of his many friends of those years, of the happy hours spent in the cosy dormitory-rooms, of the plans that he and his friends had made for their lives in the outer world, of their visits to him in his Brooklyn home, of that talk that he and his room-mate had once had when —strangely enough—they had spoken of the way in which each would like to die, and he smiled grimly as he thought how different was his fancy of that moment from the bitterness of the present hour. And then he went on to his life of hard, faithful study in the law-school, of the year and a half of earnest

office-work that had put him on his feet and had given him a foothold in life, and then he thought of something that made the tears start, of something that had been ever before his mind, waking or sleeping, since early in his college course.

It was a face, only a girl's face, but it was the face of the one to whom the whole of his commencement oration had been delivered, the rest of the audience forgotten; the face that had made him work as he had throughout his law-school term; the face that had been his inspiration in that year and a half of mental strain to secure for himself a place in the world; the face that had been in his mind every moment, it seemed, during the year or so of his hard, soldier's life out here on the border.

Then he thought of those dear, delightful days when he used to call so often at that brown-stone front on The Heights and was always sure of a welcome, of the walks that they used to take together, just at sunset, to that point from which one has that grand view of the two cities, of the bridge, of the shipping and of the bay, its waters glowing with glory reflected from the sky. He almost felt the cool sea-breeze on his face again and the light pressure on his arm—that touch that he loved so well. And he thought of that dreadful day when, feeling in the honesty of his heart that he had made for himself a place, that the little income of his work was enough for two, and that at last he might ask for the prize for which he had been working all these years, for that heart that he hardly dared to hope was his even then, and when he went straight to her father and told him his errand, in a straightforward, manly way, only to be coldly rebuffed—and of the dreadful hours that followed, when, sick at heart, tired of himself and of his life and anxious only to get away from the place, away from all that had been so dear and that must be henceforth so dreadful to think of, he enlisted, under another name than his own, and, almost before he realized it, was well into the hard, monotonous routine of a border cavalryman's existence.

A little over a year he had been in the service now, and he had grown silent, ever thoughtful and ever reckless. But each day seemed to make the recollections of those past years, when

life had been so bright, clearer and more unforgettable than ever, and in the saddle or out, at work or snatching a moment's rest, that face seemed to float before his eyes, shutting out all else and making him forget the fierce heat of the sun or the chill of the sleet ing rain.

But during the seven days that the troop had been out on this trail he had been like one filled with the greatest joy, so that his comrades had noticed the change in "Silent Dave," as they called him, and with good reason. For, just as the bugle rang out the "Boots and Saddles" as they started on this particular trail, he had handed to him a letter—a square, flat little envelope—addressed to him in a handwriting that he had so longed to see in his year of service that the sight of it almost overcame him, and even as he swung himself to his saddle he tore it open with one hand and his teeth and then tore open the second envelope that was directed not to David Dwight, but to a certain "Mr. Joseph Chatham," and read the letter again and again. It was too good to be true!

Even now, in these that were to be his last moments, "Dave Dwight" forgot all else and repeated to himself passages from that letter that had changed his whole life once more and had made it, instead of a dreary round of drudgery, an existence full of spirits and hope and love, so that he had been impatient for this hated trailing to be over with. These are the passages that he repeated to himself from the pages of that letter:

DEAREST JOE,

You see I've found you out at last, in spite of your going away off in that horrid country to fight Indians and Mexicans, just like any schoolboy. But I won't scold you for it all if you'll only come back to civilization at once, for I can hardly wait for you.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is all true, every word of it, if it does seem too good to be believed. I always hoped Papa would see it as we did, and now he has and has seen Representative Dowell about getting your discharge and the papers will follow this letter, in the next mail. And Papa says he has been very sorry that he so misjudged you and that he is taking down the old sign that has had his name on it for so many years, and says he is going to have a new one painted, with "Cummings and Chatham" on it. And

he wrote a letter to you telling all about it, but I begged him to let me write one to reach you just ahead of his and the papers. I think this is the fourth letter I've written to you to-night, trying to tell you of all in rational language, but I just can't, so I write just as I feel and I know you'll understand it all.

\* \* \* \* \*

I'm counting the hours, now, till your train shall arrive from that dreadful Texas, and you're to come right to us, over in Brooklyn, Joe, dear. I walked out on The Heights this evening, just at sunset, and thought of you and prayed; yes, Joe, I prayed that you would be there with me before many days. The sunset fire shone from the waters of the harbour and the bridge lights gleamed in the twilight as you so well remember them and as, let us hope, dear, that they will glow for us many, many, happy evenings to come.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now good-bye, Joe, for the present. I have so much to tell you that I could write forever, but I am in so great a hurry to start this on its blessed way to you that I shall stop now, with a—no, you can have that when you come to me yourself, Joe. I know you won't delay, dear, for I am waiting here, in Brooklyn, for my boy to come home.

Your sweetheart,

MARGARET.

Can you imagine poor Joe Chatham, far away from his home and his love, bound and helpless and waiting for death, his hot, tired eyes looking beyond the dreadful, heated landscape, his set lips barely moving as he repeats to himself these words that meant new life to his so long despairing soul?

Just then the last man of the distant column passed out of sight behind the rise in the sandy desert, the dust-cloud began to settle and disappear and, oh, the cruelty of it! His brutal companion tossed away the butt of his last cigarette, lazily arose and cast a glance at his Winchester, roughly jerked his prisoner around so as to face him, stepped off a few paces and shifted his rifle in his hands.

And this was to be the end of it all! Here was to end the life that had but just begun to brighten again and into which for a short seven days the very light of Heaven itself had shined! Only twenty-six years old and with his discharge and home and his love before him—and to die this way, like a dog,

alone in the desert, without so much as a chance to breathe one word of love in return for which he had received, without one word of sympathy in this, his hour of agony.

But Joe Chatham was a man, and so with all his strength he drew himself up to his full height, straining his poor, tired wrists in their chafing cord. And then, looking far off into that white, hot sky, he prayed—and then his lips moved as they formed that dear name, and then, as there lazily swept across his strained vision a buzzard, wheeling above him on level wing, brave man though he was, he shuddered, and turned to face his death.

It seemed an age, the time that it took that Mexican to raise his rifle to his shoulder, and for an instant that face, that blessed face, came again before his eyes. Then, with a last, deep, full, sighing breath, Joe Chatham looked unflinchingly into the eye of his executioner, over the sight of the rifle-barrel. He saw the trigger-finger of the outlaw move, ever so little—

There was a sharp, crackling report, the Mexican whirled and collapsed in a heap upon the sand, on his face, and Joe Chatham slowly sank, fainting, by him. His nerve had given way at last, not before death but before the joy of newly-given life. And then there came forth from the chapparal the tall form of José, the Mexican scout of the I Troop, whose prerogative it was to scour the country at pleasure, along the line of march, and whose keen eyes had detected from afar the figure of the prisoner, erect among the cacti, and who had slowly stalked to the spot, just in time. And as he pumped the empty cartridge from his carbine and scanned the figure of the dead bandit at his feet, he murmured to himself, with a satisfied smile on his dark face, “Buena! Buena!”

*Paul Burrill Jenkins.*

## THE SECRET OF BURNS' POWER.

CARLISLE once said that no British man had so deeply affected the thoughts and feelings of so many men as Robert Burns. Perhaps this sweeping statement is the exaggerated result of the critic's intense admiration for his fellow-countryman, but certain it is that few dare deny the great influence of the latter's song. Fragmentary and defective as Burns' poems are, there is in them a quality which compels attention, and causes even the most careless reader to turn to them again and again. And their popularity, it is needless to say, is likely to endure. A century has passed since they were given to the world, and we find them continually growing in favour, and that not only among the distinctively literary class, but among people the most unlettered, who read only for the transitory pleasure of the moment. A few of the secrets of so remarkable and extensive a popularity, ranging from the palace to the cottage, may profitably arrest our attention.

Nature delights in a contrast. The fragrant lily rears its dainty head above a nauseous swamp; the blushing rose peeps out from a bunch of ugly thorns; the cool, refreshing spring bubbles up in the heart of a scorching, thirsty desert; and Robert Burns, nature's own poet, appears among the most prosaic surroundings and in a most prosaic period. Not often have we seen a great poet thrive under such adverse circumstances. Born to a station where "the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley-slave," made up his daily life; where intellectual food was only such as that found in the cottage of the extremely poor; with no other poetic standards than those furnished by Ramsey and Ferguson, this child of nature is true to his calling, and struggles manfully for the expression of the poet-soul that is within him. Cut off in the flower of his manhood, almost before his harp was strung, he has yet left a legacy claimed by all mankind in common. Obviously the marvelous power of these poems was not due to

the conscious exercise of any art. "Tam O'Shanter," with all its rollicking fun and master-touches of true poetry, was composed in a single day. And so, in general, his poems are mere effusions—outpourings of a soul that overflowed. But what outpourings! Dewdrops, in which sparkle and reflect all the varied hues of the joys and sorrows of a universal human heart. Yes, we must go back of the gloss of art, back to nature, the inborn nature of the man, if we would discover the true secret of Burns' power.

Nor shall we have far to seek. The fundamental element of power in Burns is his sincerity, his absolute truth. In his poems we hunt in vain for delusion, affectation, exaggeration, or falsehood in any form. Of him it is that Wordsworth said :

"Whose light I hailed when first it shone  
And showed my youth  
How verse may build a princely throne  
On humble truth."

This is the goal of all true poetry, as, indeed, it is of all true living. If a poet would gain readers, if he would have influence among men, let him be sincere, let him be truthful, let him be not afraid to lay open to the world all that is in his heart.

A simple quality, though it seem at first thought, there are few more difficult of acquisition—if, indeed, it can be acquired at all. To have a conscience so capable as to discern between the true and the false at all times, and to have a heart that at bottom can cleave to the one and despise the other on all occasions, is indeed an excellence possessed by few. An honest man lays open his whole heart, and as we recall Pope's famous aphorism,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God,"

we feel that we have already found one reason for Burns' widespread popularity.

Again, we must be struck by the *realistic character of Burns' writings*. Whatever he wrote, with very few exceptions, bears the unmistakable stamp of actual existence. There is a marked

fidelity to nature and to real life traceable in all his works. He writes not of things that *might*, but of things that actually *do* occur. And herein lay another secret of the power which so charms us in "The Cotter's Saturday Night":

"Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,  
An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers;  
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;  
Each tells the uncog that he sees or hears."

We are often told that the poet's sphere is peculiarly the ideal; that the actual is "of the earth, earthy," and consequently is far below the ken of the true singer. But may we not with more reason say that the poet's function is to find in the actual the ideal? If poetry is to be of the stars, where are we to look for the things which pertain to man? Is he not much more the true poet who sees in himself and the things about him the materials for his art? And is he not more truly a blessing to the race who can so record his introspections and the impressions made upon him by the ordinary surroundings of ordinary life, and make men see in the record their own image? Better this than seek materials in the celestial region of gods and demigods, and sing again the songs of an heroic age, buried beneath a load of years. Burns, the ploughboy poet, sings of the prosaic surroundings of a ploughboy's life, but transforms them into a romance. In that life he unravelled a golden thread that appealed to prince and peasant alike.

The matchless line of Terence—

"Homo sum: humani nil a me alienum puto,"

was with him an inborn principle, which needed not to be learned. His sympathies were too broad to be circumscribed even by what pertains to man alone. Everything in the universe is matter of deep interest to his overflowing soul. A Wounded Hare excites his tenderest sympathy; the accidental cutting of a Mountain Daisy is mourned over as if it felt and bled; A Mouse, turned up in her nest by his plough, is his "poor earth-born companion an' fellow mortal," and even the Devil himself finds no hatred in him:

"But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben,  
 O wad ye tak a thought an' men',  
 Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—  
 Still haes a stake:  
 I'm wae to think upo' yon den,  
 Ev'n for your sake."

But aside from the foregoing considerations of sincerity and the realistic character of his writings, there are elements in Burns, and especially in his Songs, which of themselves give peculiar power to his verse. These are his love, his friendship, his independence, and his patriotism. For the keen sense of friendship that appeals to every heart, we need but mention Auld Lang Syne:

"We twa haes paidl't i' the burn,  
 From mornin' sun till dine;  
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
 Sin auld lang syne."

For independence that strips the soul of all its garish trappings, and places it in the balances over against true worth, we doubt if the language can furnish a parallel to:

"Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,  
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;  
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a coof for a' that:  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 His riband, star, and a' that,  
 The man of independent mind,  
 He looks and laughs at a' that."

And—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp;  
 The man's the gowd for a' that."

The advent of Burns marks a revival of patriotism in Scotland. His well-known words concerning the Thistle may well convince us of his ardent love for his native land:

"A wish (I mind its power),  
 A wish that to my latest hour  
 Will strongly heave my breast,—  
 That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake  
 Some useful plan or book could make,  
 Or sing a song at least."

Of his love, volumes might be written. In the sphere of the love song he stands without a peer; and we reckon this no mean source of power. Emerson speaks truly when he says "All mankind love a lover," and Burns was nothing if not a lover. He was always in love. His first poetic utterances were "writ with a plume from Cupid's wing;" his last, a week before the final delirium, told the same tale—"No love but thine my heart shall know." He never tires of singing the praises of the gentler sex. For the deep pathos of blighted love, his Highland Mary is a masterpiece :

"O pale, pale now those rosy lips,  
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!  
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance,  
That dwelt on me sae kindly!  
And mould'ring now in silent dust,  
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary."

For the comic humour of courtship, we have Duncan Gray :

"Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,  
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',  
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't."

A callous heart it must indeed be that refuses to be touched by the calm depth of long wedded and happy affection of "John Anderson, my Jo, John."

Added to all these power-giving elements of character, Burns possessed a marvelous art of description. We have declared that his was an unconscious art; he merely responded to the overflow of his nature. His happy faculty of putting a volume in a word was not, however, entirely an inborn gift, but grew out of the circumstances of his birth and environment, especially out of his patient observation of all his surroundings. Hence

it was that Burns became master of such a delicate and subtle power of description as is not to be found even in Tennyson.

"Amang the brackens on the brae,  
Between her an' the moon,  
The diel, or else an outler quey,  
Gat up an' gae a croon :  
Poor Leesie's heart maist lap the hool ;  
Near lav' rock-height she jumpit,  
But maist a fit, an' in the pool,  
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,  
Wi' a plunge that night."

In the description of the witches' dance in the Kirk of Alloway, in Tam O'Shanter, we have an excellent example of Burns' power of rapid transition in description. Of this, Sir Walter Scott said : "No poet, with the exception of Shakespeare, ever possessed the power of exciting the most varied and discordant emotions with such rapid transitions. \* \* \* The witches' dance in the Kirk of Alloway is at once ludicrous and horrible." Mark the rapid transitions, the horrible and ludicrous in the following :

"Coffins stood round like open presses,  
That shawed the dead in their last dresses ;  
And by some devilish cantrip slight  
Each in its cauld hand held a light—  
By which heroic Tam was able  
To note upon the haly table,  
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns ;  
Twa span-land, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;  
A thief, new cutted frae a rape,  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;  
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted ;  
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted ;  
A garter, which a babe had strangl'd ;  
A knife, a father's throat had mangl'd ;  
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,  
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft :  
Wi' mare o' horrible and awfu',  
Which even to name would be unlawfu'.  
  
As Tammie glowl'd, amaz'd and curious ;  
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :  
The piper loud and louder blew,

The dancers quick and quicker flew :  
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,  
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,  
 And coost her duddies to the wark,  
 And linket at it in her sark."

Such are a few of the qualities in the poetry of Burns which give him his marvelous power—a power which makes man's life more venerable, but which, alas! could not guide his own life wisely. But for his faults we feel sure that Burns would possess such a power as no other poet exerts. And yet his weakness is a source of power, for in him sinful man sees his own image reflected. Without his faults we would not have pitied him and loved him as we do. And with them all we believe that whenever and wherever soul answers to soul, yea,

"As long as the heart has passions,  
 As long as life has woes,"

so long shall the poetry of Burns continue to be the delight of the joyful, the consolation of the sad.

*Edwin M. Norris.*

### THE CHANGE OF YEARS.

#### I.

A LONE I sat by the firelight bright,  
 Lost and buried in reverie deep ;  
 My fancy soared through the realms of flight,  
 My wayward mind refused sweet sleep.

#### II.

My thoughts rushed quickly and ceaselessly past  
 To a time gone by, when memory first  
 Recalled each bubble from the last,  
 As each in turn arose and burst.

#### III.

My childish wonder could not see  
 Why each grew large and suddenly broke,  
 Like deceitful dreams that ever we  
 Distrust, as they lose their tone of hope.

## IV.

Those early days are long since dead,  
 When childish faith and trust foresaw  
 The future and hope together wed,  
 And joy without a single flaw.

## V.

Then came the chill of later years,  
 Vain questionings of the motive's right,  
 The doubt that followed bitter tears,  
 When darkness strove alway with light.

## VI.

I said : " Shall it be ever so—  
 The strong grow strong and hurt the weak,  
 The good be lost, for aught we know,  
 The bad despoil and try the meek ?

## VII.

" Shall men give up the quest for truth,  
 The goal that each, as end, may gain,  
 And worldly lust, shall it forsooth,  
 Poison and kill the greater fame ? "

## VIII.

I paused ; it seeméd long ago ;  
 Again I thought and wondered why  
 Will men forget, as on they go,  
 That bubbles always fall and die.

## IX.

That they, while heedless of the call  
 That bids them higher to ascend,  
 Are borne adown the rivers fall,  
 And drown when near the journey's end.

## X.

Oh, come ye voices from afar  
 To urge us on with willing feet,  
 Each guided by some heavenly star,  
 Where truth and duty stand complete.

*George H. Forsyth.*

## FROM DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.

"SAY, Mike," cried a shrill, youthful voice, "did yer see de game yeste'day?"

"Naw!" replied Mike, shifting his papers from one arm to the other. "Tried to, dough. Didn't have no pull wid de cops; didn't have no mon; dat's why *I* didn't see it. Did you?"

"You betcher life I did. Went in at de gate wid de swells and sits on de bleachers."

"Aw, watcher givin us" (incredulously); "where'd yuh git yer dollar?"

"Gimme half dat apple 'n I'll tell yer." Mike hesitates for a moment. It is an exorbitant demand. Curiosity, however, proves too strong in the end. He breaks the apple carefully between his palms, makes a studied analysis of both halves, and handing the smaller to his eager comrade says, "Now let'er rip."

"Well, yer see, it was jes dis here way," commences Jimmy, munching his apple with evident relish. "De cops was standin' 'round mighty close' and I couldn't crawl over de fence 'thout gittin' nabbed, so I stays 'round de elevated steps watchin' fer someun' to drop a ticket. Pretty soon long comes a mighty heavy swell wid his girl. Dey both has dem big yeller flowers wid de funny name—wat looks like cold slaw, an' de swell has a big yaller 'n black flag on his cane, so I knows dey is fer de Princeton, an' de girl—maybe she wasn't pretty, wid her big blue eyes 'n yaller hair!—prettier 'n dat Frenchy gal wid de red cheeks, wot does de skirt-dance down to Murphy's. She was jes plum out o' sight. An' jes as dey was comin' down de steps she drops her hank'chif, an' I runs quick, picks it up an' hands it to her, an' she looks at me an' says, 'Thank you,' sweeter 'n molasses; an' de swell—he reaches inter his pocket fer a nickel. I sees my chance, an' gits my nerve up. 'Say, boss,' says I, 'wou'tcher gimme a dollar ter git inter de game. I'se Prince-

ton, everytime. Hooray ! Hooray ! Tiger-boom-Princeton ! 'An' then he kinder laughs like he don't know wot ter do, and she looks at 'im outer dem big eyes o' hern and say, 'Ah, do, Chawles, fah my sake,' an' den he pulls out a dollar quick an' says, 'There, now, you nervy little mucker, climb in and yell for Princeton, every time.'

" You kin jes bet, I don't wait for him ter say it again. I finds a yaller flower in de road, sticks it in me coat, an' lightin' a cigarette, I walks into de game like any other gent wot pays 'is money. Oh, Mike, dat was de game ! De Princeton an' de Yales, dey comes out an' rolls 'round on de ball an' everybody yells and cheers furious, an' pretty soon de umpire gives de signal an' de Princeton runs slap-bang into de Yales and knocks 'em silly, and then one of de Yales gits de ball and starts to run wid it when long comes one of de Princeton like a fire-engine and knocks 'im down and climbs all over 'im, an' de res' dey comes up and sits on his head.

" De Princeton was de bes', an' after whiles dey makes a touchdown, an' den everybody hugs everybody else an' cries, like it was a funeral. Oh, it was grate ! Der ain't nothin' like a foot-ball game. Base-ball hain't in it. I'm goin' nex' year, you kin bet."

" So am I," declared Mike, resolutely.

It was with a vague feeling of discomfort that Mr. Charles Tracy escorted Miss Dorothy Reynolds and her chaperone to the seats he had procured for them in the grand-stand. This was really incomprehensible. One would have thought he lacked nothing to render his happiness on that occasion complete. His was the privilege of sitting beside Miss Reynolds during the whole of that long afternoon, of pointing out to her the celebrities of both teams, and all the intricacies of the game. An hour ago he would have desired nothing else. But even if such privilege did not complete his felicity, he had a hundred placed at odds of four to one and *knew* Princeton was going to win. Strange was it, then, that he was oppressed of mind ? Alas ! Mr. Tracy had good cause for his oppression. When half an hour

ago he had so generously flung the little gamin at the entrance a dollar in response to Miss Reynolds' soft appeal, all his complacency had gone with it. *It was his last!* He had staked everything he had on the issue of the game, that morning, with the exception of a "V" reserved for incidentals. All but a dollar and ten cents of that had gone for flowers, candy and other rubbish, and now, as he felt of the solitary dime in his pocket, was it any wonder that the horror of his position overcame him?

*He lacked five cents* of the car-fare home for himself and friends. He might borrow. There was Kingsley, who had just entered with his party. But Kingsley's first words when he saw him were, "Say, Tracy, can you lend me a fiver? I'm in an awful fix." Tracy shook his head sadly and turned away. No hope in that direction. Just then a mighty shout fills the air. The tin trumpets bray themselves and their owners hoarse, and the racket, cheer and frog-chorus mingle in mighty repetition throughout the vast assembly. The teams are out. Tracy hastens back to his seat beside Miss Reynolds. In a few moments his troubles are forgotten, as his eyes follow the movements of those lithe, sturdy-limbed warriors. Time is called. Tracy's eyes glow as those men in the striped jerseys charge fiercely upon the enemy. Miss Reynolds covers her eyes, and a moment later inquires, with a shudder, "How many are killed?" But even Tracy cannot listen to her now, for that team is ploughing—ploughing down the field. Now they lose the ball, only to gain it again and relentlessly press on toward that white line in the distance. Finally they cross it, and the battle is won. Even Miss Reynolds joins in Charlie's enthusiasm, and waves her orange banner excitedly.

Now it is all over, and the vast multitude begins to pour through the gates. As he mounts each successive step towards the elevated, Tracy's spirits sink correspondingly. In his miserable abstraction he becomes separated from his friends, and sees them above on the platform. He looks around despairingly. A few feet from him, struggling along through the crowd, he sees a classmate. He is a poller, and Tracy remembers that he

Dec.,

has even helped to guy him on one or two occasions. Can he ask a favor of *him*? Yes, for he feels himself in the depths of humility now. "Hello, Simpson," he yells across the heads of the crowd, "send me a nickel, will you? I'm dead broke." The people around him look astonished at the well-dressed young man who prefers so humble a request. Simpson turns, surprised. "All right," he says, diving into his pocket and passing the nickel over the heads of the crowd. Tracy grasps it feverishly and earnestly thanks him. Rushing to the office he buys his tickets and finds his friends. "Princeton forever!" he cried radiantly as he joined them.

"I am so glad they won," said Miss Reynolds; "I think your little 'mucker,' as you call him, proved a mascot."

"Yes, I think he was bound to," replied Tracy, decidedly.

C. Waldo Cherry.

## CONTRIBUTOR'S CLUB.

### THE LAST STAR.

Darkness and midnight hour,  
The sullen time of gloom,  
I feel thy dreadful power  
Like shadow of a tomb,  
But yet in depths of space  
I see some distant star,  
With dazzling day to face  
No eye may reach so far.

And though the early light  
Upon my soul has set,  
Yet clearly through the night  
One star is shining yet;  
All else within is dark,—  
'Tis thus alone I see  
The light, that's scarce a spark,  
That always shines for me.

A. N. O.

### A CHRISTMAS BURGLAR.

The streets of the great city were crowded that night as never before, and with such a jolly, good-natured crowd ! Everybody jostled everybody else—but what did they care ? Was it not Christmas Eve ? And as they hurried gaily along, their arms already full of packages, yet eager still to buy their last present before the shops were closed, one could easily see that the very air was full of the Christmas spirit.

Before a grand cathedral, whose deep-voiced chimes were ringing out their gladsome message, a mighty crowd had gathered. Through its open portals floated the clear melody of childish voices chanting the Mass of Christmas Eve. But on the outskirts of the crowd which surged before the cathedral

door, was one whose face bore every mark of privation. His tattered clothing was but poor protection from the keen winter blast. The merry voices of those around him caused a feeling of anger to rise in his breast. "What right have they to be happy?" he muttered. "But then," he continued, "they've got warm clothes and a good square meal every day; perhaps *that* gives them a right to be merry. But we poor fellows are never thought of. What matter if we do get hungry these cold nights? I'll have something to eat if I have to steal it," he declared desperately. As he turned down a side street the lights became fewer, and the thoroughfares more deserted. Before one of the stateliest mansions he stopped. No one was in sight. Through an area window which a servant had carelessly left unfastened, he soon effected an entrance. Removing his shoes, he crept stealthily up the stairs, and stood before a partly open door through which a faint streak of light shone out into the darkness of the hall. It was a large room, as the ruddy glow of the open fire showed him. Great brass andirons stood on the hearth, and upon them, blazing logs cast dancing shadows on the wall and lit up with their fitful glare the faces of two little children smiling in their sleep. As he glanced at them the hard look died out of his face. The warmth of the fire began to exert a gentle influence over him. The numbness passed from his aching limbs. An easy chair stood invitingly upon the hearth. He sat down in it and toasted his feet before the blaze as unconcerned as if he owned it all. It was so comfortable there. He did not remember in all his sad experience to have found a fire like to that. A dreamy feeling of delight seemed to enter his soul and make it fairly leap for joy. And forgetting where he was, he threw his head back in the chair and let his tired eyes wander listlessly about the room.

But what was that which hung from the mantle in front of him? Stockings! And *such* stockings! Packed full to overflowing with all sorts of good things—oranges, candy, square boxes and round, which bulged out in wild profusion. From one a doll thrust its flaxen head and stretched its arms out to be

taken up; from the other protruded the mouth of a brass trumpet, which looked wonderfully brilliant in the cheery fire-light. And, as he noted them, there seemed to appear before his eyes the vision of a Christmas long ago—a picture of his boyhood days now so long forgotten.

A winter's sun was shining brightly on the white expanse of snow which covered a New England farm. On a ridge beyond, surrounded by a copse of evergreen, the farm-house stood, and from its chimney a thin, blue line of smoke curled upward. Within, two children played about the room. Their merry laughter and beaming faces would tell you of their happiness. He saw himself a youth departing from home, and his mother's loving farewell words. He remembered his arrival in the city; how, by degrees, he had fallen into evil company, and had become an outcast, homeless, penniless, forlorn. And his mother—a tear rolled down his cheek—what if she could see him now. Could he take this last step, and break her heart by becoming a criminal? He aroused himself with a start. No! he could not do it. He would go back to that mother, and give her and himself the happiest Christmas they had known for many a weary year.

He arose and crept softly toward the door. Suddenly something behind him touched his hand. He wheeled around and raised his arm in self-defense. But what he saw caused him to lower it again, the startled expression of his face changing into a smile. Before him stood a little, white-robed figure, whose sleepy blue eyes were upturned to his, and in a quiet, trustful voice she said: "Mr. Santa Claus, did you bring—" But the burglar stopped her. "Yes, little one, I did bring 'em; but you must keep very quiet, or I'll take 'em away again. You see how it is; I've got a lot of work to do yet to-night, and I must hurry about it. Good-night, little one, good-night!"

And with that he tip-toed out of the room, down the stairs and out into the street. On the corner, a policeman was thrashing his arms about to keep warm, and, as he passed him, shouted in a strong and cheery voice, "A Merry Christmas to you." Merry Christmas! How those words thrilled him with an unknown joy! And as he hurried down the street again there

came to his ears the sound of the Christmas chimes pealing from the lofty belfry of the cathedral. Now they seemed to him the joyous heralds of a brighter future and a better life.

*Andrew C. Imbrie.*

#### A FEW WORDS ON INDUCTIVE LOGIC.

The writer of this little article has never made any inquiries —though naturally he is of an inquiring turn of mind. He is simply an observer, an observer of phenomena natural and human; and he makes bold to assert at the very start that throughout this discussion his point of view is from a Reunion balcony. And he is, moreover, bold enough to claim that from these observations he has established certain general principles, and finally he calls to the reader's notice that the following discussion is a triumphant example of the power of inductive logic.

Now the first of these general truths which he is led to believe is that a certain grey-haired individual on the campus goes by the name of *John*. He came to the realization of this fact in the following interesting manner. A student was walking by one day and said in a half jocular tone: "How are you, *John*?" To which the individual in question responded in a grave and dignified manner, "Good-day, sir." This formed in the writer's mind an hypothesis which he proceeded to put to a practical test. A good opportunity was afforded, some weeks later, when a wandering organ-grinder took possession of the campus and sweetly began his serenade. An audience was quickly collected and the minstrel vociferously applauded. But presently with a solemn tread that individual approached, whom we had begun to believe was called *John*. And if any doubt still existed in the writer's mind it was at once removed. For the supposed *Johannus* not only stopped the performer, but proceeded to take the organ-grinder by the collar and march him toward the campus gate. *And all the time the crowd followed and shouted, "Let him alone, John"; "Don't put him off, John."* And so his name is *John*.

Next the writer made a certain important discovery that the said John was an official character—for he had already begun to suspect that he had some close connection with the administration of justice. To prove this principle the writer has but to cite one argument. As he was comfortably sitting on his balcony one day, John came beneath and said in the solemn and important tone of a public functionary, "Mr. ——, you are summoned to appear before the faculty to-morrow at five." This argument was conclusive, and the writer is led to believe that it is a good illustration of the *argumentum ad hominem*.

But the writer established one more principle, and of this he is justly proud, for it is an example of a still higher type of reasoning. For a long time he had noticed that at almost every hour in the day the bell on the roof of Old North rang for five minutes. He also noticed that at such times John was never visible. Just before, one could see his blue coat-tails vanishing in the direction of Old North; and just afterwards, there would appear from the same quarter a manly blue chest suffused with silver buttons. He never saw John ring the bell! No one ever told him that John rang the bell! But the mind of the writer was convinced of this fact: *Old John rings the bell on Old North!* It was a magnificent example of reasoning on the principle of concomitant variations.

A. N. O.

#### THE ELMSBURG GHOST.

Elmsburg was one of the quietest, "sleepiest" little villages imaginable, and an air of repose which is perfectly indescribable enveloped it the year round. Startling occurrences, naturally, were few and far between, and there were but two notable sensations within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, a murder and an elopement, and these had for many years furnished material for fireside tales and legends.

Suddenly the quiet repose of the good people of Elmsburg was broken by an event which caused the good burghers to

assemble and awe-stricken groups to discuss its portent. "Hank" Hill, by whom it had first been heralded, found his company in greater demand and his words more quoted than he had ever known them before. The reason for his sudden celebrity was thus:

"Hank" had been to the village one Saturday night to lay in a supply of "fine-cut" and, incidentally, to look in at the tavern on his way home.

It was in the dead hush of midnight when Hank set out on his return. As he left the lights of the village he began to feel lonely. The mysterious silence depressed him. He crossed the bridge over the brook and commenced to ascend the hill above whose crest he saw the dim circle of the moon, almost hidden by fleecy clouds. Suddenly a dark shape loomed up ahead. So indistinct was everything before that he was within twenty feet of the mysterious object before he could determine its character. Judge of his horror when a hideous white figure with two great, fiery eyes, moved towards him.

Perfectly beside himself with terror, he turned and fled. Once he looked back, and what was his consternation to find the ghost, or ghosts—for he could distinctly hear two pairs of feet striking the ground—in swift pursuit.

At last, such were his exertions that as he stumbled into the tavern where a few old cronies were wearing away the night with drink and song, both ghosts had been left behind. Such was the tale he related, and which his friends believed implicitly. Their only trouble was to locate the reason for this ghostly visitation.

Ichabod Mutter, one of the oldest inhabitants, declared that it was the spirit of the man who was murdered forty years ago. His friend Josiah Hawkins differed with him, and thought that as "Hank" had plainly heard two pair of feet coming after him, they must have belonged to the spirits of the couple who had eloped and lived and died unhappily thereafter.

"Don't yer believe it," said Ichabod, contemptuously; "and ghosts don't never hunt in pairs."

Among the citizens of Elmsburg was a certain "Doctor" Small, a most inveterate boaster, and as is usual with that type of humanity, a most arrant coward.

"Doctor" Small, in addition to caring for such ailing quadrupeds as were brought to his notice, also prescribing for those unfortunate inhabitants who from time to time fell ill, having seen a goodly number of patients die under his treatment, had conceived a vast disgust for the supernatural and shady side of nature.

He, for his part, did not believe Hank had seen a ghost, and, in fact, did not believe in ghosts. They were the inventions of old women to scare children. It was noted, however, that the valorous "Doctor" waited at the tavern the next evening until the last customer had come and gone, in the hope that he might have some company on the road home. As no one was going his way he at last set out alone. All the tales of goblins, ghosts, haunted houses and graveyards, which he had ever heard, now came to his mind with great vividness. It was late, and the moon, which was in the crescent, seemed to impart a ghostly look to everything around him.

The clouds, as they drove in heavy rifts across the sky, now and again turned the landscape into one indistinct mass of black. Never had the country seemed so lonely and so weird. At last but one more meadow lay between him and his home. He quickened his pace. Suddenly he paused—what was that right before him? Nothing but a fir at the side path.

He resumed his walk, which the next moment changed into a run. In another instant a light fleecy cloud drifted over the face of the moon, dimming its pale, white light. And there, in the shadow of another fir, right at his side, stood—the ghost! Its eyes seemed to burn into his very soul! His hair rose on end! His knees shook and his teeth chattered, and then the disbeliever in ghosts toppled over in a faint.

When he came to himself and endeavored to think where he was, it all came back to him. Looking timidly around he could see no sign of the spectre, and the long-drawn crowing of a cock in the distant hills warned him of the near approach of day.

That morning, in telling how, upon seeing the ghost, it had run full tilt against him and beating him down had disappeared, the Doctor ranged himself with the converts to the "ghost theory."

And now everyone was burdened with the fear that he or she would be the next recipient of a ghostly visit, and many and diverse were the ways suggested to rid the village of its baleful presence. "Hank" Hill still clung to the belief that there were two ghosts. At last it was determined to act, and at once. The whole town were to march to the place where the spectre was last seen and then and there terrify it into leaving the locality.

Accordingly, after darkness had once more settled upon the land, the worthy burghers sallied forth with as motley a collection of fire-arms, sticks and staves as one could see in many a days' tramp. Woe to the unlucky ghost caught in town that night.

The evening wore away. It was the witching hour of twelve—the hour when all well-appointed ghosts ordinarily do walk. Only the melancholy chirp of a cricket or the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill is heard. The night is dark, and the distant howling of a dog adds a sense of desolation and loneliness to the hour. Suddenly across the meadow comes stalking a figure! It is white! Every eye sees it! The cold sweat runs down the brows of the watchers! Every firearm is raised, and each heart seems to stop beating while waiting the command to fire. The figure stops. Then across the meadow comes a most singular noise. Paralyzed by the sound, every arm drops. Squire Judkins springs forward with an oath that makes good Deacon Hapgood drop his flintlock and raise his hands in horror.

A moment later the squire appears, leading a white figure.

"Hank Hill," said he, "you're a *durn* fool. 'Tain't nothin' but the widder Harkness' ol' grey donkey."

*Harry B. Master.*

## EDITORIAL.

WE DESIRE to express our thanks to Profs. Ormond and West for kindly acting as judges in the LIT. story contest. They have decided that none of the stories submitted were of sufficient merit to justify them in awarding the prize. Accordingly, no prize will be given.

We are surprised and disappointed at the result of this contest, as above announced. This is, we believe, the first time that a story prize has thus failed to be awarded. The Ninety-five men were particularly requested beforehand to try for this prize, and we certainly expected a better showing from them. We could not have believed that such a dearth of MSS. would ever be possible. Only six stories were handed in for the prize by the whole college. In view of these facts, there seems no alternative but to reduce the number of editors for the next year's board. Unless Ninety-five should show a sudden increase in literary activity and productiveness, this will certainly be our policy. We would not only stimulate the men now trying to better work, but we would encourage men who heretofore have never done anything for the LIT. by saying that not a single man in Ninety-five has done sufficient work to warrant an election. And we would strongly urge that representative men of the class, men who have attained distinction in other lines, should turn their energies in this direction. In days past, so sharp was the competition that men began their work in Freshman year, and no one relinquished his struggle until the last number before the election had gone to press.

You, we doubt not, have the material. Will you bring forth a board which is worthy of half a century of LIT. traditions, that is worthy of the magazine as you find it to-day, worthy of Princeton, worthy of your class? We would discourage no men who are now contributing. They have not done bad work; they have simply not worked at all.

The Nassau LIT., in the kind opinion of its exchanges, stands at the head of college magazines. Gentlemen of Ninety-five, will you keep it there?

CONTRIBUTIONS for the January LIT. are due January 7th, 1894.

### THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE Thanksgiving game has been played. We have beaten Yale by a score of six to nothing, and thereby won the championship of the league, which, as the events of the season have turned out, means the championship of the United States.

It is but repetition of an old, old story to congratulate those to whom we owe this happy consummation. Nothing that we can say can add to the splendid laurels of the team, the scrub and the trainers. The eleven men that represented Princeton on Manhattan field last Thanksgiving Day probably constitute the strongest team that has ever been put on a foot-ball field.

With congratulation at the victory there is mingled no feeling of exultation over our rivals. They are a splendid foe—always worthy of the best team that can be played. And not only for the splendid old Yale spirit, but for the work of her team is Eli to be congratulated. It was evident, long before the game was over, that nothing short of an accident could save it for Yale, and then, with inevitable defeat staring them in the face, the Yale team played such a magnificent defensive game that our superb team—the strongest ever seen on the field—could not score a second time. Truly, this is a foeman worthy of our truest steel, and in the midst of our own rejoicings we congratulate our rivals upon their splendid fight—a fight so splendid that to defeat Yale is the very highest point to which any team aspires.

The lesson of the game, what it meant to us, the quiet behavior of the students in New York, all this has been told again and again. It seems to us that to Princeton the most encouraging sign of the game is the fact that our players who were worked up this season came right in and played their game in exactly the same quick and energetic fashion as the old players. In other words, there was practically no star playing, and if the day of stars has really gone by, as this year's game seems to

show, then this victory is the best thing that has happened to Princeton in a great many years. For so long as we relied on an aggregation of stars, then whenever there were enough good men in college to make such a team as in '89 we could win, but as soon as the stars had left we were worse off than before, as witness the season of '90. We are numerically smaller than either Yale or Harvard and will probably remain so for many years to come. Whenever a smaller college relies on star players it is doomed to defeat in the long run. The perfection of such a system of play as we saw in New York on Thanksgiving day is the natural outcome of a process of evolution. It had to come, and now the same inexorable circumstances will make it stay.

#### THE DUAL LEAGUE.

MANY have been suggesting of late a dual foot-ball league between Princeton and Yale, at any rate, after the expiration of Yale's present agreement with Harvard. This seems to us very unwise. If a league be at all permanent, there is always the possibility that some outside college, hitherto weak, will become so powerful as to make leadership in the league an empty honor. It is impossible to pick out the two leading colleges in any one year and say, "These will be the leaders ten years hence."

Let us take the case of Harvard. Harvard has only beaten Yale once since they have been playing; in her record with Princeton she is hopelessly behind. Since the present system of scoring began the Princeton-Harvard scores have been:

- 1883—Princeton, 26; Harvard, 7.
- 1884—Princeton, 34; Harvard, 6.
- 1886—Princeton, 12; Harvard, 0.
- 1887—Princeton, 0; Harvard, 12.
- 1888—Princeton, 18; Harvard, 6.
- 1889—Princeton, 41; Harvard, 15.

In fact, in one game Princeton scored more points than Harvard had previously scored during the whole series. So marked

is Harvard's inferiority in the history of foot-ball that Mr. Highlands, her great pitcher of last year, actually went so far as to say that Harvard was not in the same class with Princeton. Harvard has again occupied third place this year, although our esteemed contemporary, the *Harvard Advocate*, is evidently so disturbed over the fact that Pennsylvania scored against Harvard that it is afraid that "even a very clever man would find it hard to tell just how the teams stand this year."

But the point which we wish to make is this: that Harvard has made a wonderful improvement in foot-ball within the last five years, and that now, although Yale continues to beat her, it is only by the hardest kind of work, and the game is never won until time is called at the end of the second half. Of course we could beat Harvard this year, but we could not beat her by any such score as 41 to 15; for she has made wonderful progress since then.

Taking one year with another, Harvard is now very close to Princeton and Yale, and if there is to be any league at all it should consist of these three.

#### SUNDAY CHAPEL.

WE NATURALLY feel that in college, if nowhere else, should be found all that goes to make up "the grand old name of gentleman"—a term which includes all manly qualities, mental and physical, and adds also that highest quality, respect for the feelings and rights of others.

But now and then it is brought forcibly before our notice that in some things we most certainly are not Chesterfields. It is perhaps too radically opposed to college sentiment for us to boldly arise and say that Marquand chapel on Sunday mornings is not a dormitory. Too many seem to be making up sleep lost during the week when they have to go to chapel every morning at eight. But some of them most illogically complain when this opportunity for slumber is extended a little over the regular

time, for, if the sermon is a trifle long there are many who exhibit decided tendencies of somnambulism. Let us hope that it is somnambulism, for really we are inclined to disbelieve that Princeton students, in their waking moments, would be guilty of such discourtesies as have lately been shown some of the preachers who have occupied the pulpit. We call to mind one occasion in particular, when, the sermon being a little extended, every time the speaker turned a sheet of his manuscript almost the entire student body turned in their seats, and whenever he took up a new paragraph his listeners assumed a new attitude. The result was most marked, and the speaker plainly noticed it. To say the least, it was a courtesy.

But while we are considering this subject it might be well to go a little farther and strike at the root of the matter. For though there is no excuse for such rudeness, especially towards a visitor, there are yet some circumstances to be borne in mind. We must admit that the preaching on Sunday mornings is not always of the kind to generate the happiest or the most wide-awake feeling among the listeners. The President, the Dean, some of our professors and many visitors could hardly wish for more attentive audiences. And yet there are other men who appear before this student body on Sunday who are by nature wholly unfitted for the position of religious speakers. They are frequently men who personally command our respect and admiration. But the trouble lies in the fact that the students by a system of compulsory attendance are forced to listen to a set of speakers and preachers who in any other place or here under any other conditions could hardly fill a single aisle. We do not wish to say that the compulsory chapel system excuses bad or inattentive behavior on the part of the students, but we do say that it is unjust when it forces us to listen to such preaching as that with which we are sometimes treated. But let us have as many good preachers, both from college and from outside, as our funds will allow, and in this connection it is pleasing to remember the recent gift of Colonel McCook.

We hope that it will speedily bear fruit.

## GOSSIP.

ORANJE BOVEN.

Oh, me ! Oh, my !  
 How we did wax old Eli !

—*Good Old Song.*

THE noise is something terrible. Old Reunion is being shaken from the top to the bottom. What with songs without doors and songs within doors, and cheers and shouts and poundings, the Gossip and Lit. sanctum are having a hard time of it. Such a place as Princeton is any way ! Ennui and the blasé fad have completely gone out of fashion. Everybody is smirking and grinning. Old scores and quarrels are entirely forgotten, and all is lost in good fellowship and joy. Even the buildings have somehow changed. The Gym. looks quite beautiful, and you don't mind if you do have to go to chapel. There is but one topic of conversation—the game.

Every dog has his day, but what a day our dog had ! What a culmination to a hard, trying, and at times dark, discouraging season ; but all set-backs were in vain, and once more Old Nassau is the head of the foot-ball world, and the "Old Time Spirit," slumbering though it may have been, has at last flamed forth, and is no longer the mere fiction of Alumni stump speakers.

Like the history of any great event, it is hard to tell the story of a great game immediately after. There is always such a confusion and jumble of end runs and mass plays, tackles and kicks, and the whole is heightened by the roaring of the huge crowds and the nervousness and the excitement. For the moment only the brilliant gains enforce themselves upon you, and you quite lose sight of and forget the short hanging runs, which, like the faithful unapplauded efforts of the scrub during the year, do so much toward victory. Nevertheless some plays are immediately and forever to be remembered, and oh !—

To see old Beesie Wheeler  
 A wading through Yale's line,  
 Like a bloomin', snortin' elephant,  
 I tell you it was fine !

And who can ever forget how little Phil's legs twinkled as he darted past Greenway, down the field, and how Jimmie Blake, all alone, dived and caught the punt that might have lost the game, and to see us, yard by yard, rush the ball up the field until it was almost on Yale's line ; then came the dispute and the excitement to know what it was all about. Then again it was Princeton's ball ; a brief moment of suspense, and everybody was shouting, and the team jumped about and ran and

turned handsprings, and you leaned back in your seat in perfect joy—Six to Nothing. How orange the vast crowds turned after the first five minutes of play, and, oh, the gladness when, in the growing dusk, time was called, and the subs. and coaches ran out and threw up their hats and canes, and the throngs rolled like an avalanche on the field to shoulder and hug with joy the victors!

Then there was the good-natured swaying and heaving of the crowds, as they slowly moved through the gates, or the tortuous strife to gain the elevated steps, or the glory of riding down the Boulevard and Fifth Avenue, triumphantly singing, with the two long rows of yellow lights slowly converging in front of you, and the dim masses of people on the walks cheering and waving.

In the evening the streets are crowded with Princeton sympathizers, who jostle and run into each other in the greatest good humor. Everybody is arrayed in Orange and Black, and the Alumni Association mounting suddenly into the thousands, has assumed, to say the least, an alarmingly democratic character. The oldest living graduate proclaims loudly to an admiring throng that "de Princetonians have always been de stuff," and the entrance to the Hoffman House is effectively barred by a patriotic "stugent," whose fifteen-buttoned Newmarket is uniquely decorated with as many full-blooming chrysanthemums, and who is frantically waving his hat, adorned with fillets of the brightest orange hue, to the great glory and reputation of Old Nassau.

When you come back, two or three of you bunch together on the almost empty benches of the lecture halls, and applaud some hero of the fray, as he rises to recite. And then follows one long succession and jumble of mass and glorification meetings, bonfires, parades, and Alumni speeches, and rejoicings. How strange and welcome the returning 'Varsity players look to you at your clubs: and how unconsciously, at noon, you hurry at your lunch, with the idea that some how there ought to be 'Varsity practice. But most of us are at last getting down to regular work, and books have once more become the fashion. Even now there is a slight forecast of the semi-annuals in the air. The Glee Club is daily toiling in the chilly heights of Examination Hall, tuning up for their triumphal march through the South; and the rest of us less-favored undergraduates are weighing the chances for reduced rates home.

The Gossip rises chattering from where he has been crouching by the radiator, and looks through the grated windows of the sanctum. Already winter is upon us. The snow has covered one whole side of Old North tower, and the recitation bell sounds muffled and dull. A small crowd has gathered to warm their hands around the still smouldering embers of the great bonfire. There are but a few days left: and—A Merry Christmas!

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,  
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.  
—*Pope.*

PROBABLY the most typically modern form of our present-day literature is the sketch, the short, pithy article whose description of a single event or a single scene distinguishes it from the story, in which the narrative is longer and covers occurrences more or less separated from each other in time.

Very naturally, because of its brevity, the sketch is most popular in the field of magazine literature, where it meets the want of the reader who has, perhaps, neither the time nor the inclination to follow the story of a longer or a less condensed article. This, in the Table's estimation, accounts for its present popularity.

Just now we are favored with an unusually good collection of sketches, from the pens of several well-known writers. One of the best that has appeared in many months was Richard Harding Davis' "His Bad Angel," in the September *Harper's*, while those readers of the Lrr. who read Sarah Orne Jewett's "The Hiltons' Holiday," in the same magazine for August, could not but have been charmed by its delicate and even pathetic description of the great event in the life of the simple country-folk. The Christmas number of our magazines are especially rich in dainty, strongly-drawn sketches. Take, for instance, Howard Pyle's beautifully-illustrated "Series of Sketches" in the December *Century*. They are really a set of six word-pictures, vivid descriptions of quaint, colonial scenes, from the simple description of which the reader infers their story. How much more happy are these dainty bits from Mr. Pyle's pen than those unfortunate "Pastels in Prose," to the writing of which Miss Wilkins was doubtless tempted by the success of her longer novels.

Again, the sketch being so short, and containing so much boiled-down strength, it must be attractive and must illustrate its author's style perfectly. This is shown by such examples as the first of Brander Matthew's "Vignettes of Manhattan," "A Thanksgiving Dinner," in the *Harper's* for December, and Edith Wharton's strange, imaginary, half-psychological tale, "The Fulness of Life," in the *Scribner's* of this month.

It is very natural then, that the sketch should hold its present high place in our college literature. The college man has no inclination to either write or read a long, that is a serial, story, and such can hardly be included within the field of college journalism, so the short story and the sketch are the most popular.

So, with an advice to the reader to look up the sketches above mentioned—for in the reading of them no one will be disappointed—the Table

wishes to make especial mention of one or two sketches found in our exchanges of the month.

#### MAGAZINES.

In the *Yale Lit.* for November, Emerson E. Taylor has a very short sketch, "The End of the War," illustrating the bitter feeling that lies behind inter-family feuds, and the power of conscience to overcome even this.

The *Wellesley Magazine* contains a pretty character-sketch, partly in dialect, by Lillian B. Quinby, who has used this, that is too often a snare of the college story-writer, with care and consequent success.

Edwin O. Groves has handled the rather hackneyed World's Fair story in a well drawn and original sketch, "A Glass of Hygeia Water," in the *Dartmouth Lit.* In the same magazine Robert H. Fletcher has an excellent essay on "Whittier and Lowell as Typical American Poets" that deserves mention.

The November *Williams Lit.* contains two good sketches, "Stranded," a little love-tale by J. R. Craighead, and "In the Monastery," by "E. R. W.," the last being quite well written and thoughtful.

Among the best literary essays in the college magazines for November are Estelle McCloskey's "Lycidas, Adonais and Thyrsis, a Comparative Study," in the *Vassar Miscellany*, and Thornton Jenkins' "Unpopularity of Edgar Allan Poe," in the *Amherst Lit.*, both of which show extensive reading and careful study.

#### POETRY.

##### QU'EST QUE C'EST?

A trifle mundane,  
With a shade of regret,  
Suspicious of rain—  
A trifle mundane—  
Pursued, but in vain,  
A coy triolet!  
A trifle mundane,  
With a shade of regret.

—*Vassar Lit.*

##### A PINE TREE STANDS ALONE.

[From the German.]

On bleak heights in the northland,  
A pine tree stands alone.  
He sleeps, a pure white mantle  
Of snow around him thrown.

He's dreaming of a palm tree,  
Afar in the morning land;  
Lonely and silent, mourning  
"Mid rocks and burning sand.

—*Dartmouth Lit.*

## BOOK TALK.

For him was liefer have at his bed's head  
A twenty booke's clad in black and red,  
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,  
Than talk of foot-ball or of victories.

*—From Chaucer (adapted).*

It was with great interest and appreciation that the Critic read the latest book by Professor Woodrow Wilson, "An Old Master and Other Political Essays."\* The first two of these papers have already appeared in the *New Princeton Review* and the last two in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The "Old Master," of the first essay, is no other than the sturdy old Scotchman, Adam Smith, of whom we find this short, but excellent characterization: "A quiet, awkward, forceful Scotchman, whose philosophy has entered everywhere into the life of politics and become a world-force in thought; an impracticable Commissioner of Customs, who has left for the instruction of statesmen a theory of taxation; an unbusiness-like professor, who established the science of business; a man of books, who is universally honored by men of action; plain, eccentric, learned, inspired." But while this essay is a careful study of the "father of political economy," we find pervading the pages the praises of the old lecture system in our colleges. And in this connection the writer pertinently asks, "Are not our college class-rooms, in being robbed of the old-time lecture, and getting instead a science-brief of *data* and bibliography, being deprived also of that literary atmosphere which once pervaded them? We are gaining in thoroughness, but are we gaining in thoughtfulness?" The author's position and reputation as a lecturer certainly entitles him to ask the question.

But we believe that he is most thoroughly at home in the four remaining essays of the volume, which are completely political, and moreover are, and as I believe the author would wish them to be called, writings on "practical politics." For the second essay, "The Study of Politics" is a protest against political investigation becoming too purely a science, too utterly divorced from practical legislation and the polls. He finds the same tendency among thinkers along political lines as among political economists, of whom he says: "They cannot build in the air and then escape chagrin, because men only gaze at their structures and will not live in them."

The essay entitled "Character of Democracy in the United States" admirably reveals Professor Wilson's philosophic insight, for it shows his power of tracing subtle causes, and his remarks upon our system, its origin, its growth, and its future, all show his great historical and general

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\* "An Old Master and Other Political Essays." By Woodrow Wilson. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons).

knowledge and his sharp insight. In this and in his last essay, "Government Under the Constitution," we see how he refutes many of the mistaken popular notions by the statement of his sound and philosophical opinions of our great written document, of the nature of our government, and of the spirit and character of our American people. Of our Constitution he says, "Its strength will be found, upon analysis, to lie in its definiteness and in its power to restrain, rather than in any unusual excellence of its energetic parts." And the stability of our government, as in the government of England, he finds in the conservatism and law-abiding sense of the people. Yet for one who regards institutions as an organic growth it seems a little illogical for Prof. Wilson to favor so strongly—as he does in the latter part of this essay—the introduction into our government of a system of ministerial initiative and responsibility, things which are un-American, bone and marrow. He indeed recognizes that constitutional changes would be necessary, but he says, "I am strongly of the opinion that such changes would not be too great a price to pay for the advantage secured by such a government." And again he writes, "But we cannot have ministerial responsibility under the Constitution as it stands." And the Critic raises his humble voice to ask, even if we grant the necessary constitutional changes, will the system suit our American beliefs and principles of which the Constitution is only an embodiment? Moreover the Critic would point out that Prof. Wilson, like many other writers on this question, confines his comparisons and illustrations of ministerial initiative and responsibility to England, totally disregarding the system and its fruits as seen in other countries of Europe. But the real conclusion which the writer reaches is that responsibility for legislation *must* be made more certain and definite, and that some remedy must be found for the evils of our committee system.

It is hard to say which is more difficult, to form correct views of past events when we often have the opinions of others only to mislead, or to write of things which are now occurring, with their confusing lack of perspective. Prof. Wilson, at any rate, shows that he keeps abreast with the thought and conditions of the times, and his wide knowledge, keen insight, and judicial fairness make these essays of the highest value. We predict that they will not only set men thinking and influence those in the ordinary walks of life, but among scholars they deserve and will receive high recognition. And all the more because, unlike many books of great value from the standpoint of the jurist and investigator, these essays combine content and form, excellent material with an excellent literary style.

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In one of Robert Grant's interesting stories, "The Opinions of a Philosopher," I think, there is something about certain persons knowing all about foreign politics and European laws and statutes, but very little about those of their own country. They could tell whether a certain

statesman was a Conservative or a Liberal, just why and when the Corn Laws were passed, but who were not quite sure whether the Senators from New York stood for repeal or not, or why it was that the Monroe Doctrine was promulgated. It's very odd how many people we meet who do not seem to take any interest at all in the every-day workings of their own Government, but who may be found eagerly scanning the headlines of the metropolitan dailies for the latest *dénouement* in European politics. In fact, some so-called educated men have the haziest kind of notions about even the fundamental principles of our United States, and who exhibit the most sublime ignorance of the most important rulings of the Supreme Court. The only thing that they seem to be really certain of, is that the taxes are remarkably heavy.

To this class of men I doubt much whether Professor Goodnow's able volumes on "Comparative Administrative Law"\*\* would appeal, except, perhaps, the chapters relating to the laws and customs of what they would call "our mother country," yet a more interesting or instructive book in this province has not appeared. While not attempting to give an exhaustive treatise on every phase of Administrative Law, yet the author does delve deep into its conceptions and workings and presents a most able and complete exposition in the field of comparison. He takes up Administrative Law not only in the United States, but also in England, France and Germany, and by comparison and contrast presents the reader with its inception, development and present condition. No man of affairs, no student of political or sociological problems—in fact, no man who desires to rise above the humdrum strata of purely bread and butter business life, can afford to be without at least a general idea of the principles that Professor Goodnow presents in these two volumes. And, for a student who intends to adopt the practice of law as his life's mission, this work is invaluable. To him it is invaluable because it puts before him in interesting Anglo Saxon much of what he could obtain otherwise only in the erudite and complex paragraphs of some German specialist, and also because Professor Goodnow has engrafted into the heart of the work very much that is entirely original and highly commendatory.

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Practical essays are difficult undertakings; it is hard to always distinguish between fact and theory and to present the one effectively and eliminate the other successfully. Prof. Hart seems to have attained a high degree of proficiency in this accomplishment, and his "Practical Essays in American Government"† will commend themselves to statesman, citizen, and student alike. In the first of his essays, "The Speaker as Premier," he strikes at the heart of a legislative evil which more than

\*\*"Comparative Administrative Law." By Professor Frank J. Goodnow, A.M., LL.B. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

†"Practical Essays in American Government." By Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph. D. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.)

any other one thing threatens representative government to-day. The Committee System in Congress, originating with the manifest intention of promoting legislation, has become in our day only an effective means for blocking its wheels and, furthermore, of giving immense influence to the Speaker of the House. That the Speaker of the House to-day wields a power which is hardly second to that of the President himself is a fact which statesmen deplore, but for which they see no remedy. Prof. Hart, in his comparison of the Speaker with the English Premier, dwells upon this fact. He points out the fact that in representative government, as the tendency exists for the legislative department to constantly gain at the expense of the executive, so the Speaker is likely to become more and more powerful. It is hard to see what the logical outcome of such an evolution will finally be. It is not Prof. Hart's design to predict this, or suggest a remedy. He merely shows things as they are. But the day is not far hence, we think, when the democratic voice of the American people, so often raised in the past for the righting of public wrongs, will be heard again in imperative demand for true representative legislation and government.

"The Chilian Controversy" reviews in a clear and forcible way the history of our diplomatic relations with Chili during the last administration. Mr. Hart points out that our government is weak in having no unity in its diplomatic relations, that the Cabinet is divided against itself, the Secretary of State against the War or Navy, and the President often against them all. The essays are all remarkable for the foresight and intuition they display. Among the remainder, the best are on the "Rise of American Cities," "Public Land Policy," and "Civil Service Reform."

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" Where is the singer whose large notes and clear, \*  
Can heal and arm and plenish and sustain?  
Lo, one with empty music floods the ear,  
And one, the heart refreshing, tires the brain.

" And idly tuneful, the loquacious throng  
Flutter and twitter, prodigal of time,  
And little masters make a toy of song,  
Till grave men weary of the sound of rhyme.

" And some go frankt in faded antique dress,  
Abhorring to be hale and glad and free;  
And some parade a conscious naturalness,  
The scholar's, not the child's simplicity."

So one of our moderns describes the present condition of English poetry; there are many "flutters and twitters," some "faded antique" garments, "conscious naturalness" and "simplesse;" but through the whole round of Swinburne's and Morris' and Dobson's poetry we listen in vain for a voice that is "hale and glad and free." To the student, there-

\* "Poems of William Watson." (New York and London: Macmillan & Co.)

fore, if there be such in these degenerate days, who seeks for a real mental nourishment in poetry, a vital and uplifting spirit, the poems of William Watson will be most welcome, not only for their own sincerity, saneness and breadth of view, but for the assurance that some poets still believe in the greatness and sacredness of art, and that her soul is "heavenlie born and cannot die."

It is to Wordsworth, more than all others of his time at least, that we look back for things "sincere and large and nobly plain." He it is who most of all suggests Arnold's chief idea that poetry is a criticising life; and while Arnold himself is far from reaching the calm strength and luminous vesting of Wordsworth, he has taught us how great the value of his master is. No less ardent a Wordsworthian is Mr. Watson. Wordsworth, he says, has "sung him free." In the seer of Rydalmount he finds his ideal:

" Tis human fortune's happiest height to be  
A spirit melodious, lucid, poised and whole."

And while Mr. Watson talks too much of the "tranquil strength" of Wordsworth to convince us that he himself fully possesses it, yet that is his ideal, and more than anyone we know of our younger singers, he has realized it. In none of them do we find such an exalted conception of the poet's function; in none of them such nobility, seriousness and sanity, such readiness and sincerity; in none of them such a regard for a strong and sterling subject-matter. So that even if he has failed to reach the height he has visioned for himself, yet, as he says of Shelley,

" The glow, the fire,  
The passion of benign desire,  
The glorious yearning, lift him higher  
Than many a soul  
That mounts a million paces nigher  
Its meander goal."

Perhaps no verses could better show such qualities than these from his finest poem, "Wordsworth's Grave":

" I hear it vouch'd the muse is with us still;  
If less divinely frenzied than of yore,  
In lieu of feelings, she has wondrous skill  
To simulate emotion felt no more.

" Not such the authentic Presence pure, that made  
This valley vocal in the great days gone!  
In *Ais* great days, while yet the springtime played  
About him, and the mighty morning shone.

" No word-mosaic artificer, he sang  
A lofty song of lowly weal and dole.  
Right from the heart, right to the heart it sprang,  
Or from the soul leapt instant to the soul.

" He felt the charm of childhood, grace of youth,  
 Grandeur of age, insisting to be sung.  
 The impassioned argument was simple truth,  
 Half wondering at its own melodious tongue.

" Impassioned? ay to the song's ecstatic core.  
 But far removed were clangour, storm and feud;  
 For plenteous health was his, exceeding store  
 Of joy, and an impassioned quietude."

What little philosophy the book reveals resembles strongly that of Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey." The critical analysis of the other poets he writes about is unusually discriminating, for poetry. Here and there is an exquisite bit of description, such as this:

" The moon in Rydal Mere  
 Is unwooded, when the breathless night hangs blue."

And on the whole, the verse is such as we would expect from such a mind, sonorous, dignified, and conveying the impression of much reserve power. Nor does it lack emotion; it is in places full of feeling, but always in perfect control. These lines, written on his recovery from his unfortunate malady, represent him at his best, both in technique and in real feeling:

VITA NUOVA.

" Me the spring,  
 Me, also, dimly with new life hath touched,  
 And with regenerate hope, the salt of life;  
 And I would dedicate these thankful tears  
 To whatsoever power beneficent,  
 Veiled though his countenance, undivulged his thought,  
 Hath led me from the haunted darkness forth  
 Into the gracious air and vernal morn,  
 And suffers me to know my spirit, a note  
 Of this great chorus, one with bird and stream  
 And voiceful mountain—nay, a string bow jarred  
 And all but broken!—of that harp of life  
 Where on himself, the master harp-player,  
 Resolving all its mortal dissonance  
 For one immortal and most perfect strain,  
 Harps without pause, building with song the world."

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What's the use of striving to conventionalize Kipling,\* the unconventional and uncritical, by criticism? One thing is true, however, and that is if, as Mr. Howells says, "the fate of a book is made by woman," Rudyard Kipling, as poet and story-teller, is an absolute failure. But is he right? Is Mr. Howells right and Kipling a failure, or is he mistaken and Kipling a success? It seems to me that Mr. Howells' remark needs qualification. It is an interesting question. In this collection the poet himself is no woman hater:

\* "Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads." By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan & Co., New York and London.)

"They passed one resolution—your sub-committee believe  
 You can lighten the curse of Adam when you've lightened the curse of Eve—  
 But till we are built like angels, with hammer and chisel and pen,  
 We will work for ourself and a woman, for ever and ever—Amen."

This is a candid statement, avowing the selfishness of man and his love of woman. Moreover, it is vigorous. Perhaps it is here the trouble lies. His poetry has not enough of the supreme insincerity and concealed regard which mark the proper attitude of civilized men to civilized man and woman. Perhaps after all he is not too rough and unrefined, but society is too conventional; it has too many different motives; at the same time it does and thinks anything; it is all glossed and glamourized over; individuality is a monster and originality in a groove; has, in fact, become innocuous and effete; and yet, wherever the misfortune, Kipling is a man who says what he thinks and thinks what he thinks, nor does he think anything that anybody else thinks unless he thinks it. This is high praise. But his verse certainly lacks grace and charm and gentleness and ease and those other things both Englishmen and Americans think they have a right to look for when they read poetry. Yet even here some of his departmental ditties are surprising. But for vigorous rhythm, poetry with a wild raving swing, with a melody of commotion filled with the snap of cocked rifles, the march of troops, shouts in the air, the winds of the world, love and death, India-rubber idiot phrases, the soul's welfare, cells, missionaries, soldiers, rivers, infantry and more, all mixed together so incongruously and driven along with irreverence for both God and society, yet always with a candor and force that is violent in the extreme, Kipling stands by himself and is Kipling. No more, no less. He has his merits and faults; he has his phase of life; he is original. This is a good collection, containing most of the old ones, like "Danny Deever," and nearly a dozen new poems worth the reading.

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No adequate idea of the merits of such a book as "Rachel Stanwood" can be given by a mere outline of the story. The value lies not so much in the plot, which is simple in the extreme, as it does in the style in which the book is written. It is indeed refreshing, after the perusal of so many of our so-called modern novels, which are packed from cover to cover with the stories of sin and folly, portrayed in distorted and exaggerated characters, to find a book which is entirely without sensationalism, and, although treating of comparatively commonplace events, yet holds the reader's attention by much the same style of writing for which Miss L. M. Alcott was so justly famous.

The scene of "Rachel Stanwood" is laid among the Quakers in New York City just before the war, and the plot hinges upon the opposition

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\* "Rachel Stanwood." By Lucy Gibbons Morse. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

which the Abolitionists had to face from those who were unwilling to ally themselves to the cause until certain that it was to be successful. The characters are very strongly drawn, and are contrasted so as to set each other off to the best advantage, and the book is full of "manly" men and "womanly" women. The only adverse criticism which could be made is the somewhat unnecessary length of the story. It would seem that it might have been condensed a little without injury. But this is a very minor point and does not detract from the decided merits of the book.

"Barabbas,"\* by Marie Corelli, is full of interest, and the first few chapters, culminating in the question which has come ringing down to us through the ages, "What is truth?" are remarkable for their dramatic intensity. The hero, and his love for Judith Iscariot, sister of Judas, are the threads around which the authoress weaves the history of the trial, crucifixion and ascension of Christ. Barabbas is taken as a type of the untaught, erring soul, which is not without some nobleness—a type of human Doubt aspiring unto Truth.

His stormy, passionate love is his only guiding star until he comes under the influence of the Christ, and then the robber and murderer is transformed into the meek and loving disciple. The characters are well drawn and stand out distinctly. One can almost see the hypocritical High Priest Cephas and the superstitious Pilate, so deftly does the authoress picture the scenes. A strong religious influence permeates the whole story, and barring a few trifling inaccuracies concerning the Bible narrative, the book is worthy of the writer of "A Romance of Two Worlds" and "The Soul of Lilith."

Blanche Willis Howard scarcely needs an introduction to those Americans who read the short stories and the best of the lighter fiction of the day. "Guenn" and "One Summer," to say nothing of her other books, have already secured her fame. And "No Heroes"† only strengthens her reputation as a writer, for though unequal in merit to some of her longer works, it shows that she possesses that important thing, a versatility, and this versatility gives a promise for the future. "No Heroes" is "a story for boys," and a more healthy and entertaining bit of juvenile fiction it would be hard to find. And though we find a lesson in the book and that dangerous thing in fiction of this class, a moral, yet the lesson and the moral are not the kind to which we were treated in those days when the editors of this magazine were among the regular weekly borrowers from the Sunday-school library. For though it's a case of virtue rewarded, yet the preacher of the sermon is such a blunt, rough-and-tumble, good-hearted little fellow that we only wish the sermon were longer. The writer shows all her old characteristics—

\* "Barabbas. A Dream of the World's Tragedy;" By Marie Correlli. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

† "No Heroes." By Blanche Willis Howard. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

fun, clever dialect, vivid pictures of homely scenes, and though it is but a juvenile story, it possesses much of that indescribable charm which we find in her longer works.

"For Life and Love,"\* is a wildly sensational novel, dealing with events occurring soon after the late unpleasantness. Jack Manson, the hero, goes through numberless perils in his efforts to win Si Leavenworth's daughter, his rival for her hand being a Creole, one Ranson Maxan. Maxan is killed and the hero marries Miss Leavenworth "amid great joy." The book is well written, leaving out one or two errors in regard to the making of English law, and the author shows an intimate acquaintance with border life.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is always a suggestion of sternness about the phrase, "the old colony times." The expression too often recalls to us only the old "blue-laws," early privations and struggles against hostile Indians, or, a little later, solemn conventions and rallying against British oppression. Now and then we do catch glimpses of John Aldens wooing Priscillas, or we read of some stately assemblage where the ladies of the colony paid their respects to the lady of his excellency, the governor. But we altogether forget the lighter side of colonial life and the gay scenes which were occurring at the very darkest hours of the Revolution. And back of the grim severity of New England or the stately manners and speech of all the colonies, we fail to recognize men and women like ourselves. The historians, for the most part, have been too busy dealing with such tea parties as the one in Boston harbor to describe gatherings like those at the house of Dr. Wistar. And we sometimes forget that there were other arts than those of war and oratory. And yet there was a distinct and a high civilization in those early American times and an art and a society whose peculiar constitution was the result of bringing English precedents to conform with American necessities. Lately, there has been a great revival of colonial architecture, and we know that for its grace, symmetry, and strength it is unsurpassed. We are glad of a peep "Through Colonial Doorways."† For the Critic has just laid aside a book which made him believe that he was actually living a hundred years ago, attending the "Meschianza" in Philadelphia or hearing Ben Franklin at the American Philosophical Society. And never was a title more aptly chosen. There is something colonial even in the yellow and white cover of the little volume, with its representation of an old colonial entrance. And the contents also convince us that the writer must have had the *entrée* through all the finest doorways in Boston and New York and Philadelphia. The authoress must have had

\* "For Life and Love: A Story of the Rio Grande." By Richard Henry Savage. (New York and Chicago: F. T. Neely.)

† "Through Colonial Doorways." By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

access to a rare assortment of old documents, and she has gossiped most entertainingly of the balls and flirtations, the dress and the manners, the art and the culture, of those early days. She has told many humorous anecdotes: "Of Judge Peters' clever sayings we find numerous records. As he grew older, his sharp nose and chin approached each other closely. A friend observed to him one day that his nose and chin would soon be at loggerheads. 'Very likely,' he replied, 'for hard words often pass between them.' Once, while he was Speaker of the House of Assembly, one of the members, in crossing the room, tripped on the carpet and fell flat. The House burst into laughter, while the judge, with the utmost gravity, cried, 'Order, order, gentlemen! Do you not see that a member is on the floor?'"

We have heard a great deal of the men of this early time, and one of the chief attractions of "*Through Colonial Doorways*" is that it tells us so much of the women. Altogether, this is one of the most delightful books of the year.

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Until recently, there was no country of whose manners and customs the average man was more ignorant than of Japan. This arose partly from the geographical position of the empire and partly from the exclusion of all foreigners, which, until comparatively late times, was the policy of the government. Any book, therefore, which treats of the national life of that country and gives a true idea of the people is to be welcomed and read with interest. Especially is this the case when the information is given in such an attractive way as in the volume entitled "*A Japanese Interior*,"\* A more entertaining way of treating the subject cannot well be imagined. It is a collection of letters from Miss Alice M. Bacon to her family while teaching in the Peereess' School, at Tokyo, and the informal style in which they are written is one of the most attractive features of the book. Many of the civil and court functions are described in a very fresh and easy manner. From her position in the school, Miss Bacon was enabled to gain access to many of the families of the nobility, and even to the Court itself, and through her we are able to catch a glimpse of that most exclusive of all circles, Japanese high-life; a thing usually impossible to the foreigner. The book gives us no superficial view of the Japanese, but is written by one who is so thoroughly in sympathy with the race that, while writing as an American, she does so from almost the standpoint of a Jap, and the result is an entire lack of foreign prejudice.

A most amusing custom which is mentioned is that according to which the Emperor confers honor after honor upon anyone of the nobility who is sick. And as the illness becomes more serious the honors become proportionately greater, until, after death, the greatest honor in the nation

\* "*A Japanese Interior*." By Alice Mabel Bacon. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Dec.,

is awarded to the deceased. We cannot refrain from asking ourselves, what would be the result should the man unexpectedly recover?

As the book is short and free from a single dull page, anyone, with a few moments to spare, may be certain of some delightful, as well as instructive reading.

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To every thoughtful student of history the period of the Reformation is one of absorbing interest, and as Henry of Navarre played no mean part in the events of that time, any history of his life, such as the one before us,\* is sure to be read with great interest. Although the book is by no means an exhaustive work on the subject, it is yet full enough to give a very good idea of the causes which led up to the great religio-political upheaval which played so important a part in the history of Church and State. The book covers a period of about a hundred years—that is, from 1512 to 1612—and no one can fail to gain a very complete insight into the history of the period. Like all of the other books in this series, this volume is written in a most entertaining style, and turns history into a story of absorbing interest. We realize as never before what an enormous influence Henry IV had upon the growth and maintenance of Protestantism in France in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The early chapters of the book are devoted chiefly to a discussion of the social and religious conditions of the times and the early life and training of the man who was afterward to be termed "The Protector of the Churches." Henry of Navarre has long been held as one of the ideal characters in French history, and the editor of the series has done well in including him among the Heroes of the Nations.

\* \* \* \* \*

Canoeing is a sport which is becoming every day more and more popular in this country, and the demand for literature on this subject is always urgent. "Canoeing and Camping Out,"† the latest of "Bohn's Library of Sports and Games," will give the aspiring canoeist all the necessary information on the subject of building his canoe, paddling, sailing, and will even tell him how to manage when he has been unfortunate enough to capsize. The book is in two parts: the first being devoted to canoeing, while the second, by another author, gives some very valuable hints to anyone intending a camping expedition. Although both parts of the book are written by Englishmen, they are as well adapted to an American as an English canoeist or traveler, and no one contemplating either pursuit should fail to read the book.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* Henry of Navarre. By P. F. Willert. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

† "Hand-book of Athletic Sports: Canoeing and Camping Out." By John D. Hayward, M.D., and Arthur A. Macdowell, M.A., Ph.D. Edited by Ernest Bell, M.A. (London and New York: George Bell & Sons.)

A book has been on our table for some time, by M. J. Savage,\* who is a preacher in the Unitarian Church. This being the case it will hardly meet with sympathy from those who hold views other than those of its author, while to those who believe that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of God, it may even be repellent. Mr. Savage does not hesitate to say, in the collections of sermons that make up his book, that he does not believe that the Gospels were inspired or that they are infallible or even that they are accurate. He claims that they were not written by the men whose names they bear, that Jesus was born in Nazareth and not in Bethlehem, and freely criticises his sayings and teachings. The doctrine and aim of the book is well summed up in its last paragraph.

"When the religion of Jesus, then like the leaven, shall have permeated and wrought into its own likeness all that has arrogated to itself the name 'Christian' and has claimed to speak for him, it will ultimate at last in a condition of perfect human love and perfect human brotherhood; and this will appear to be the true religion and the only service of God." Although opposed in many things to the principles of which this institution is more or less of an exponent, yet there is in these sermons much good, sensible religion, and much that will elevate and instruct.

<sup>25</sup> "Jesus and Modern Life." By M. J. Savage. (Boston: George H. Ellis.)

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